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MEMORIAL



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HENRY S. HAGERT

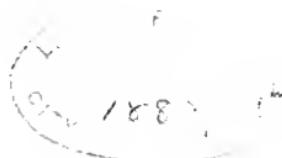
MEMORIAL.

POEMS AND VERSES,

WITH

SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.

PRIVately PRINTED FOR HIS FRIENDS.



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1886.

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M E M O I R.

HENRY SCHELL HAGERT, the son of Jacob E. and Eliza Hagert, was born in Philadelphia, May 2, 1826. After graduating at the Central High School in 1842, he entered the office of the Hon. Charles Gilpin as a law-student, and was admitted to the Bar May 8, 1847, a few days after attaining his majority. As a student he exhibited the careful and conscientious thoroughness which characterized his after-life, and secured for him such great and deserved success in his profession. He was a slow, methodical, and laborious reader, and laid strong and deep the foundations of a solid legal education.

Shortly after his admission to the Bar he was elected Solicitor for the Board of Guardians of the Poor of Philadelphia, an office at that time entirely under the control of the Board, and unconnected with the Law Department of the city. Whilst discharging the duties of this office he attracted the attention of the Hon.

William B. Reed, then District Attorney of Philadelphia, one of the recognized leaders of the Bar of that day, and a gentleman distinguished no less for his keen and accurate knowledge of men than for his profound learning, ripe scholarship, and commanding ability, and whose friendship secured Mr. Hagert's appointment as one of the assistants of the Hon. Isaac Hazlehurst upon that gentleman's election to the office of City Solicitor in 1854. Here he displayed such marked ability as to warrant the assignment to him, although the youngest of the assistants, of some of the chief duties of the office, and with Mr. Hazlehurst he draughted many of the ordinances made necessary by the Act of Consolidation.

The friendship of Mr. Reed, which ended only with that gentleman's death, was again of value to him when the political contest of 1856 resulted in the Hon. Lewis C. Cassidy being returned as elected District Attorney and the opening of the contested election case of Mann *versus* Cassidy, which still holds its place among the leading cases upon that branch of the law. At Mr. Reed's suggestion, Mr. Cassidy appointed Mr. Hagert his assistant, and he continued in this position until a year later, when the contest was decided in favor of Mr. Mann, discharging his duties with credit to him-

self and to his chief, and the Judges of the Court and senior members of the Bar speak with enthusiasm of the ability displayed by him in the trial of several homicide cases during that time.

Retiring with Mr. Cassidy from the District Attorney's office, Mr. Hagert pursued his private practice for the next eleven years, steadily gaining in professional standing, and securing from the Bench and his brethren of the Bar the reputation of a careful, skilful, well-read, and thoroughly-equipped lawyer. His practice was almost exclusively confined to the Civil Courts, and the eminently judicial qualities of his mind secured him from the Bench, and with the hearty approval of the Bar, frequent appointments as master and referee in cases involving intricate questions of law and of fact. Successful in all branches of his profession, he delighted most in *nisi prius* contests, where his ability shone the brightest, and where he won his greatest and most enduring fame. There his marvellous powers of cross-examination and his general management of a case made him a valuable colleague and dangerous adversary. It may, however, truthfully be said, without in any way detracting from his natural abilities cultivated and sharpened by the most careful study and observation, that the secret of

his power was in his thorough and exhaustive preparation of a case. Every fact was carefully investigated; he was familiar in advance with all the testimony, which, if possible, was chronologically arranged; the whole trial was mapped out; all sides of every question were considered; the law studied and applied; and, when the case was opened, he was armed at every point, and no adversary, however able or adroit, could surprise him, and no emergency could arise for which he was unprepared. Ever cool, quiet, self-possessed, and passionless, nothing that was said or done, even in the most exciting contests, could in the least disturb his equanimity. In the examination and cross-examination of witnesses he had few rivals and no superiors. He seemed to measure and read the thoughts of a witness at sight, and his success was due as much to his uniform courtesy and quiet, patient, and imperturbable manner, as to the keen, searching, and insinuating questions with which he could draw facts from the most unfriendly and obstinate witness, or to the almost cruel skill with which he could expose falsehood; and he showed as well his absolute mastery of this great art by knowing when *not* to cross-examine.

He attached great importance to the opening of a case, believing that it should so thoroughly prepare

the minds of the jurors that the testimony to follow would be at once understood and appreciated, and that the impressions then made would be lasting. In the argument he was clear, forcible, logical, and persuasive, never attempting to drive, but always to lead the jury; never appealing to the passions or prejudices, but to the reason of his hearers. His language was plain, simple, and well chosen, and without the voice, the presence, or the manner of an orator, he was a most impressive and effective speaker. Rarely raising his voice above a conversational tone, with few gestures, and utterly oblivious and unmindful of all present except the Court and jury, never thinking of himself, but always of his case, he spoke with the earnestness of conviction, systematically reviewing the testimony, pointing out or reconciling inconsistencies, analyzing the motives of witnesses, dovetailing facts and circumstances so completely and so plausibly that it required a rare advocate to break the force of his argument or wrest from him the verdict.

He was an ideal *ni si prius* lawyer, and as was said of Chief Justice Marshall when at the Bar, "He was persuasive without eloquence, because he always seemed to be himself persuaded."

In December, 1868, Mr. Hagert was again called

to the District Attorney's office as first assistant for the Hon. Furman Sheppard, who had been elected District Attorney at the October election of that year. While justly recognized as learned, eloquent, and scholarly, Mr. Sheppard was absolutely without experience in the Criminal Courts, and it was with solicitude that he sought an assistant. The wisdom of the choice was never questioned. Mr. Hagert's ability and worth commanded the respect and admiration of the Bench and of all his professional brethren, although to the community at large he was little known. Within a few months, however, the trial of the Eaton and Twitchell homicide cases, in which he successfully met gentlemen of long experience and well-tried and established ability, called forth his great powers and at once secured for him a leading position at the Criminal Bar. Both were cases in which the public was deeply concerned, and the protracted trials were watched with anxious interest. As was his custom as long as he remained in the District Attorney's office, Mr. Hagert opened and summed up, examined and cross-examined the witnesses, and with that same method and thoroughness which had characterized him in the Civil Courts, so presented his evidence that "each link was perfectly forged and logically welded

to its brothers in the chain," and neither skill nor eloquence could avail the defendants. As was said by one of his most distinguished adversaries, he proved each fact in a criminal trial with the same accuracy and precision with which in the Civil Courts he would prove the items of a book account.

Mr. Hagert remained as assistant for Mr. Sheppard during the whole of his first term of office, as well as during his subsequent term, extending from 1875 to 1878. To follow him through these years and speak in detail of the many important cases tried is unnecessary, and would be but mere repetition, for he was the same in all. Brief notice should, however, be made of one of the most celebrated homicide cases ever tried in Philadelphia, and one which was always considered the greatest triumph of Mr. Hagert's career at the Criminal Bar.

In September, 1868, Mary Mohrman, a child of five years, was murdered under circumstances so brutal and repulsive as to arouse the indignation of the whole city. All efforts to detect the murderer were unsuccessful until nearly two years afterwards, when by mere accident suspicion pointed to John Hanlon, and he was indicted for the crime. The public interest was at once re-awakened, and the trial in November, 1870,

crowded the court-room daily with men from all the walks of life. The prisoner was represented by gentlemen of the highest distinction, and it was felt that their profound learning, consummate skill, tried experience, and true eloquence would secure his acquittal, especially as the Commonwealth was forced to rely solely upon circumstantial evidence and upon the confession alleged to have been made to a fellow-convict, named Dunn, whose career of crime on both sides of the Atlantic precluded the possibility of his testimony being believed unless every word was overwhelmingly corroborated. The jury was composed of men who were evidently slow to convict, and who would, if they could conscientiously do so, give the prisoner the benefit of the slightest doubt, the very atrocity of the crime making them slow to believe that any rational being could be guilty of such an offence. Every fact and circumstance of the murder was brought out in detail, and there was at last, after many days of patient labor, a perfect chain of circumstantial evidence, but nothing by which the prisoner was connected with the crime. The convict Dunn, who up to this time had been excluded from the court-room, was then placed upon the stand, and the fire of the defence drawn by not only no effort being made to protect him, but by boldly

examining him in chief upon his past life and drawing from him a full history of his career of crime. The confession alleged to have been made to him was then introduced, and the case of the Commonwealth closed. For days following all that ingenuity and skill could do was done to break down, explain away or weaken the Commonwealth's case, or throw upon it some doubt sufficient to acquit; all these efforts were met by skill so extraordinary as to call forth the admiration of every lawyer present, and no one appreciated it more or spoke of it in higher terms than the learned gentlemen representing the defendant.

At last the testimony closed, and it is no disparagement to Mr. Sheppard, whose closing speech was one of exceptional power, pathos, and eloquence, replete with legal and classical learning, to say that the conviction of Hanlon would have been impossible but for the masterly summing up of Mr. Hagert, who was familiar with the case down to the minutest detail. In a speech of nearly five hours, during which it sometimes seemed as if his frail physique must succumb to the great and protracted labor of the case, with no pretence at rhetorie or eloquence, without a single appeal to passion or prejudice, and with perfect fairness to the prisoner, he analyzed fact after fact, circum-

stance after circumstance, explained away all seeming doubts and inconsistencies, and fitted the confession into the facts and corroborated it at every point, never for a moment losing the attention of the jury, until at last with almost mathematical accuracy he demonstrated that the crime could have been committed by no one but the prisoner. When he sat down all present felt that the case of the defendant, which had seemed so hopeful, was now hopeless unto desperation. The prisoner was found guilty of murder in the first degree, and before his execution admitted the justice of his conviction.

After serving six years as assistant, Mr. Hagert was, in November, 1877, elected District Attorney, and succeeded Mr. Sheppard in January, 1878, continuing in the office until 1881, when he resumed his private practice, which he pursued with unceasing industry until his fatal illness.

Realizing the responsibilities of his position, every duty was faithfully and conscientiously performed, but the long hours in Court, the exacting labors and constant worry and anxiety of the office, undermined a constitution never strong and sowed the seeds of the disease which ended his life.

As District Attorney he was in the highest sense of

the word the Commonwealth's officer. He never regarded himself as a mere prosecutor, but recognized the semi-judicial functions of the office, which required him to be just to the prisoner as well as to the Commonwealth, and while those he believed guilty were prosecuted with all his force and ability, yet if there was in his judgment a well-founded doubt, he was prompt to express it and to ask for an acquittal.

It is but just to Mr. Hagert's memory to state that in the District Attorney's office he made enemies of many who, presuming upon their power, political or otherwise, sought to influence him in the discharge of his duties. Those who made such efforts knew little of his nature. Beneath his quiet and patient manner was a will of iron, and his "No" was final. He represented the community whose protection had been confided to his keeping, and was absolutely immovable, knowing no party, no leaders, no class, doing his duty fearlessly and without regard to consequences; and while he suffered cruel wrongs at the hands of those who, by nature or education, were unable to appreciate his devotion to duty, or to measure a public official by his high standard, he left the office with a clear conscience and a stainless record, having through all its trials, temptations, labors, and vexations been

“Steady to his trust;
Inflexible to wrong and obstinately just.”

Returning to his private practice, Mr. Hagert sought the quieter and less exacting branches of his profession; but old and new clients came to him, and his life was a busy one, until the summer of 1885, when his health failed. After a month's illness he was able to go to the mountains and subsequently to the sea-shore in the vain hope of regaining his strength. But, alas, it was too late. That terrible malady, Bright's disease, had marked him as its victim and his life's work was done. He was able to be at his office for only a few weeks after his return to the city, and from the latter part of November was unable to leave his bed. The highest medical skill was powerless to save him, and after days of agony the calm followed, and he gradually grew weaker day by day, hour by hour, until Friday morning, December 18, 1885, when he quietly, peacefully, and without a struggle passed from life.

“When sinks the righteous soul to rest,
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves th' expiring breast!”

Mr. Hagert was married February 9, 1854, to Miss Mary Manley, of Philadelphia, who, with an only son,

Charles H., survives him. An older son, Sidney, died in the summer of 1876, in his twenty-first year.

In this brief memoir no effort has been made to give a complete and detailed history of Mr. Hagert's professional life. The cases he tried were many and important, but only a few of those which were of a public character have been mentioned, and no note has been taken of the vast amount of quiet work done, of which the public knew nothing. Sufficient, however, has been said to show that he was a zealous and faithful laborer in the profession he loved, honored, and adorned. He was an eminently useful lawyer, his highest ambition was to serve his clients, public and private, to the best of his ability, with honor and fidelity; always equal to his work, whether it was great or small, important or unimportant.

There have been more eloquent speakers, more profound lawyers, men whose abilities were more dazzling and attractive, but take him all in all in every branch of his profession, as counsellor or advocate, before the Court in banc or before the jury, it will be difficult to find his equal.

As an adversary he was fair and honorable, scorning any success won by questionable methods. As a colleague he was especially valuable, possessing in an

eminent degree that best of qualities in a colleague, unselfishness, being ever ready to take a leading or subordinate position as the work before him might demand, and always giving to his senior or junior the benefit of his knowledge, study, and thought, fully and without reserve, caring little who used it or who reaped the glory, provided it aided the cause he had at heart.

His practice extended over a period of thirty-eight years, and he died in the midst of his work and in the zenith of his powers, with the recollection of his conflicts, triumphs, and defeats fresh in the minds of all, but he leaves no professional brother to recall a word or act not in accord with the highest standards of moral and legal ethics, or which tended in the slightest degree to cloud the fair fame of the Bar of Philadelphia.

By many Mr. Hagert will be remembered as a distinguished lawyer, a useful and honored citizen; by a chosen few his memory will be cherished in a nearer and tenderer relation. All his life a student of general literature, with a fondness for history, travels, and poetry, books were his delight; when worn with toil he turned to them for pleasure and recreation, and the volumes of his well-selected library bore the marks

of constant use. Fond of music, flowers, and pictures, cultured, refined, and simple in his tastes, instructive and entertaining in his conversation, decided in his opinions, but tolerant of the views of others, warm-hearted, kind, earnest, and sincere, unostentatious in his charities and loyal in his friendships, Henry S. Hagert filled the measure of a perfect gentleman.

“To speak his memory’s grateful claim
On those who mourn him most and bear his name,
O’ercomes the trembling hand,
O’ercomes the heart, unconscious of relief,
O’ercomes expression of true friendship’s grief,
Save placing this memorial o’er his dust.”

POEMS.

INTRODUCTION.

MR. HAGERT'S youthful pen was often devoted to poetic and dramatic composition,—and many of his poems were printed in the leading literary journals of the day, while others and some unfinished plays remained in manuscript. From these verses a brief selection has been made to accompany the memoir of his professional life, and thus give to his friends a permanent record of the man. His love of the drama was constant, and almost to the end he was a frequent visitor at the theatre, always selecting the best plays and the best players, and always giving to his friends sound criticism, the result of his matured and thoughtful judgment, tempered by his sympathetic nature and his delight in everything that added to the stock of intellectual pleasure and the means of wholesome relaxation. For many years he had quite forsaken the Muses, and often laughed at his old aspiration for poetic fame, yet he did not dislike a reference to his

early compositions and to the goodly company of the poets in whose ranks he had once stood. For this reason it is thought that a selection of his verses would make a suitable addition to this modest memorial. It is submitted to the kindly notice of his friends and of the public, not to establish any claim for him as a poet, but to recall the pastime of his youth and leisure, and to show how the sound lawyer and thorough student had found pleasure in the composition of poetry well worth preserving.

COLUMBUS BEFORE THE QUEEN.

NIGHT over Spain—the moon is up,
And onward treads her radiant way ;
While nobles fill the festal cup,
And quaff the wine 'till breaking day.
Forth from the royal halls a light
Streams out upon the summer night ;
Darting its rays amid the trees,
That rock and rustle with the breeze.
But here no nobles drink and rail—
A continent is in the scale.
With form erect and folded hands,
Beside her throne the princess stands,
With flowing curls, and sparkling eye,
And noble form, and forehead high,
And listening in attentive mood
To one who now before her stood.
While at her side, with eager stare,
An aged man with silvery hair

Leaned on his hand his reverend head,
And noted all the speaker said.
And wondering girls, and knights of war,
Declared they ne'er had heard before
Such daring schemes, such hopes of gain,
Broached yet before the court of Spain.
And who is he? and what the cause
Which thus their whole attention draws?
List to his words as 'fore the queen
He stands with firm yet modest mien,
And urges her by every tie
That binds on earth, that binds on high,
To grant him but his one request,
And hers the glory! all the rest!
“Princess, for near a score of years,
My bosom tossed with hopes and fears,
Has in its deep recesses nursed
This project, and had nearly burst,
When kings with cold, indifferent air
Bade me seek patronage elsewhere.
I begged—I prayed—I bowed the knee—
They had no sympathy with me.
They called me mad, and said my schemes
Were foolishness, and idle dreams;

That in the west there e'er should lie
A land unknown. I answered, ‘Aye.’
‘Twas strange,’ they said, ‘that not a sage
Who lived in that illustrious age,
And wore a monk’s or leech’s robe,
Had thought that on this spacious globe
There lay a world—unknown—unseen—
With mines of gold, and fields of green
And waving herbage, and that *I*,
The Genoese, who, passing by
A convent in a forest wild,
Had begged a crust for his starving child,
Should e'er pretend the sea to dare
In search of worlds they knew not where!
I waited not a word to say,
But bent toward Spain my lonely way.
And now within your presence stands
The fool, who dreams of unknown lands,
And urges you by all that’s fair,
On earth, in heaven, in ocean, air,
By the wild blaze whose dazzling light,
On Glory’s altar kindling bright,
Illumines sierra, woodland, glen,
Glist’ning on ranks of mail-clad men;

While the last remnants of a race,
Whose monumental piles yet grace
Your native land, are fled before
The standard of the Cross once more,
To raise its folds in rich Cathay,
And bear through ocean's untrod way,
Sped by the bounty of thy hand,
God's precious truth to heathen land.
And then from every heart shall flow,
Once taught with love divine to glow,
Praises and thanks to her who blest
Benighted heathen of the west
With cheering tidings of the love
Of God, who reigns in heaven above,
And pray that He may ever shed
His kindliest blessings on thy head.
And lisping babes, in accents weak,
Who scarce their parent's name can speak,
Shall in their night's prayers tutored be
To cry 'God bless thy throne and thee!'
The Indian mother as she leads
 Her boy across the forest wild,
And sows within his breast the seeds
 Of true religion, pure and mild,

Shall bid him reverence—not in vain—
‘Our good Queen Isabel of Spain.’
And burning altars bathed in blood,
And priests drenched with the crimson flood,
Shall cease to offer on the shrine,
But teach their victim things divine;
Fling to the waves their gore-stained knife,
And end the sacrifice of life;
O’erturn their altars, wash each stain
That may upon their robes remain;
And kneeling on the verdant sod,
Pray to the true and only God;
While thousand voices joined in one
Shall praise the Father and the Son.
And then, when on the bed of death
They shall resign their fleeting breath,
The quivering lip, the faltering voice,
Shall with their latest gasp rejoice,
And bless—and praise—and pray for thee,
Who saved their souls eternally.
Nor is this all: our holy Church
Will have no need of further search
For sinners—amid polar snows,
Or where the hot sirocco blows.

There, 'neath your fostering guardian care,
A field lies ready for the share
To turn the rugged earth, and then
Sow wide the seed of love again,
And sow it wide, and sow it deep,
That naught may break its transient sleep,
Till it has risen, and shall be
Blooming for immortality.

Thus may the Church extend her power—
The issue hangs upon this hour.

Reject my suit, and Portugal
Shall triumph in thy kingdom's fall,
Point at thy throne the lip of scorn,
And cry, 'Behold! see how forlorn
Chivalrous Spain becomes of late!

Who is it guides her ship of state?
And sea-washed Veniee, regal Rome,
Flanders, the busy merchant's home,
France, Germany, and England too,
Shall rail triumphantly at you.

Spain shall regret it—and ere morn
Lights yon gray tower and I am gone,
You then shall ask in anxious plight,
'Where is our guest of yesternight?'

‘The guest is gone—the hoped-for gain
Reserved for others! lost to Spain?’
Sorrow shall rankle in your breast,
That ye would grant not my request.
Princes have wide dominion found,
Planted the Cross on foreign ground;
But all the wealth dominion brought,
By their discoveries, is as naught
Compared to that which must attend
On the fulfilment of this end.
Then, by the never-ending fame
Which must await you; by the shame
And withering raillery of the great;
By all the gain to Church and State—
Glory and gold—but nobler still,
The Church, with converts new to fill;
Speak but the word—raise that fair hand,
And I will find the unknown land.”
He ceased—and forth the mandate flew:
“Fly! Launch the ships—call forth the crew—
Stay not a moment on this shore,
But go! those kingdoms to explore.
My jewels—crowns of weight and size—
I’ll pledge to speed your enterprise.

Bear but to heathen land the Cross,
How great the gain ! How small the loss!"
Columbus bowed before the queen,
Went forth—nor did return, I ween,
Till every promise was redeemed,
Which in that hour so brilliant seemed.
To Spain, a golden realm he gave ;
To Isabel—beyond the grave—
What guerdon e'er more just could be ?—
A golden immortality !

June 24, 1842.

THE SLEEP OF THE DEAD.

SWEET is the tomb--the all-forgetting tomb—

The dreamless couch round which no phantoms glide
To harrow up the soul, or read a doom,

Of yore in their dread Sabbath prophesied.
Calm are its slumbers—never more shall pride,

Hatred, or malice wound the sleeping clay;
Wrong not the dead—they should be deified—

They lived and suffered, and have passed away;
Here be all feuds forgot—ye, too, shall have your day.

Your day of trouble, when the cup of Grief,

Full of its Marah-waters, must be drained
E'en to the dregs; when ye will need relief

From those upon whose head your lips have rained
Curses; when they who were by you disdained

Shall offer, in their mockery, to dry
The hot dew of your brows by anguish strained

Through the parched skin. Ah! then, in grief to fly
For refuge to the grave, and find but calumny.

Let the dead rest; if ye must “snarl and bite,”
 Turn to the living—there your venom spill;
Put on Deception’s mask, then vent your spite,
 Sharpen your fangs, and gnaw, and rend, and kill.
’Tis a sweet banquet—eat and drink your fill.
 Ye can thrive well on malice, but forbear
To stir the ashes of the dead; your skill
 Can never fan a glowing ember there,
At which the hated torch of vengeance to repair.

Look on the dead, and if ye cower and quail
 To think that ye shall be like them one day—
That the cold coffin-worm, with slimy trail,
 Shall crawl across your forehead, or from play
Within your eyeless sockets forth shall stray,
 To feast upon your rottenness, your hair
Shall drip the sick’ning grave-damps, and the gray,
 Dry dust of the rank sepulchre, for air,
Fill up your nostrils—then by the cold grave *forbear!*

Think on your last dark hour, when a gaunt form,
 Spectral and shadowy, shall stoop and set
A mystic seal upon you; when the storm
 Of conscience rages, till its spray has wet

Your brow; when, like the doom in Venice met,
The walls of your lone chamber seem to close
Upon you crushed and bleeding, dying, yet
Never to die—from torments such as those,
Would you be free? Withhold—break not the dead's
repose.

N I G H T.

“NIGHT is the time for rest :”
 To close in balmy sleep
The eyes with pain opprest—
 The time to pray and weep.

Night is the time for dreams :
 To rove each faneied plain ;
To bathe in crystal streams,
 Or walk among the slain.

Night is the time for prayer :
 To lift the soul above,
While angels wait, to bear
 The murmured words of love.

Night is the time for thought :
 The busy world is still,
When each his couch has sought,
 And dreams his slumbers fill.

Night is the time to die:
When all is hushed in sleep,
To close the weeping eye,
While friends their vigils keep.

Then as the fading sight
Grows more and still more dim,
To bid the world “Good-night,”
And soar to rest with Him.

May 21, 1842.

SONG OF THE WIND.

I come—I come—
O'er the ocean foam,
Among the woodlands
I roam—I roam.

My ear is bright
With the early light,
And with tints of the rainbow dye;
My coursers wait
The word of Fate,
And away—and away they'll fly.

I've been on the deep,
Where the Peris sleep
In their sounding ocean caves;
Not a zephyr stirred,
And naught was heard
Save the murmuring of the waves.

I've been on the deep
When from their sleep
The tempest has roused them up,
And away they flew,
Like the morning dew
'Neath the sun from the flow'ret's cup.

I've been on the land,
Where armies stand
In battle's dread array ;
I've hurried by
On a storm-cloud high,
And where ? oh ! where were they ?

The oaks have fallen 'neath my power—
I've made a desert in an hour
Of lands as smiling, fair and gay
As aught beneath the light of day.

I've listened to love in ladies' bowers—
I've kissed the cheeks of the early flowers
While their tiny cups, all dripping with dew,
Bent low at my car as it onward flew.

I've heard the maiden her sorrows tell—
How she loved a youth and what befell;
I've heard another breathe into my ear
Secrets I would not you should hear.

Confessor I've been to ladies and lords,
To love-lettered damsels and men of swords;
I've seen and I've heard both joy and grief
That I tell ye not for your unbelief.

Ruin I've caused, and wreck, and death—
I've smitten the fairest with my breath;
And now I come, I come to thee—
Beware! lest I come as an enemy!
With Terror and Famine behind my ear!
To scatter destruction wide and far!

ON A RAINY DAY.

RAIN on—rain on—I love to hear,
When sheltered in some lonely spot,
Drop after drop, like widow's tear,
Weep on the moss-grown cot ;
And dripping to the ground again,
Seek on the earth its fellow-rain.

Rain on—rain on—I love to see
Each drop, like diamond glist'ning bright,
Sparkling on grass and leaf-clad tree,
With the resfulgent light
Of sun just glancing from between
The clouds—yet scareely to be seen.

Rain on—rain on—I love the sweet
And fragrant scent of new-mown hay,
And fresh-blown flowers, which always meet
On such a rainy day.

Rising from garden, field, and hill,
The pure reviving air to fill.

Rain on—rain on—I love to feel,
When seated by the open pane,
Like urchins who from study steal,
The cool refreshing rain;
Borne by the wind, come peeping through,
And sprinkle me like morning dew.

Rain on—rain on—above them all
I love the rosy-tinted fruit,
Which with the rain begins to fall,
The choicest taste to suit.
And creeping vines on ladies' bower
Laugh 'neath the influence of the shower.

Rain on—rain on—I love—oh ! no—
I had forgotten in the joy
Which such a scene might well bestow,
The houseless orphan boy,
And widowed mother meanly clad,
Out in the rain, forlorn and sad.

Then rain no more—oh, cease to fall!

I will resign my every joy :
Sight—hearing—smell—taste—feeling—all—
So that it rain no more,
I would not for a moment be
The cause of human misery.

THE DYING GIRL.

BRING flowers to deck her hair,
And weave bright garlands for her snowy brow;
'Twere fit that she should wear
Such emblems now.

For they are not more bright
Than the pure spirit of that beauteous one,
Whose day fast sets in night—
Whose race is run.

Nor are they yet more sweet
Than the soft azure of her languid eyes,
Where love and beauty meet
To claim the prize.

Nor yet more gentle, they,
In their mysterious language, than her voice,
Which, like the breaking day,
Bade all rejoice.

Haste, then, and bring the flowers,
And place them gently in her golden hair;
For few will be the hours
They'll flourish there.

Haste! with your chaplet! haste!
Alas! too late! the lovely one hath died!
Your garland is but waste—
Cast it aside.

TO A LAKE.

SWEET lake, upon thy silver breast
I'd wear my weary life away,
And gently sink at eve to rest,
As fades the sun's receding ray.

While the fair moon, in virgin pride,
Comes peeping up the mountain-side,
And slanting shadows lightly steal
Across thy bosom, and reveal
Each pebble sparkling with the light
Of star-paged Empress of the night;
And verdant banks, and mountain hoar,
And trees that spot thy green-clad shore.
Here 'mid this scene of beauty rare,
This silvery light—this balmy air—
These towering hills—this rustling wood—
Where the wild Indian hunter stood,
In feathered pomp and furs arrayed,
To greet his dark-browed forest maid.

Here could I live, and live alone,
And keep companionship with none.
Alone in this secluded spot?

Ah! no. I'd have but one—but one,
Whose form and feature—every mien,
Would not unfit her for a queen;
Whose raven curls and fragile form
Would need protection from the storm;
Whose mind, well stored with costly gems,
Richer than richest diadems,
Would be a dower—worth by far
More than the brightest midnight star.
With such a fairy, who would not
Dwell in the meanest herdsman's cot?

But when around your path are strewn
Such Eden beauties, who would give
This lovely spot for court or throne,
Or in a palace wish to live?

May 24, 1842.

PLEASURE AND PAIN.

HOURS there are when falls the bitter tear,
And from the bosom bursts the long-pent sigh—
When life seems but a desert, and the bier
A couch bedecked with flowers, where kings might
lie;
And there are hours when Mirth, with laughing eye,
Tosses her saffron wreath, or with her young
And rosy playmate, Pleasure, merrily
Dances a measure to some gay tune, sung
By Fancy, on whose harp a thousand dreams are hung.

To-day the goblet and the mazy dance,
Music and mirth, the laughter-loving lip,
And beauty beaming in the bright eye's glance,
While Youth and Joy to lute and timbrel trip;
Quick bounds the heart, and deeply we must dip
Into the cup of Pleasure. We forget
That he who would be happy should but sip
The bubbles from the brim—the chalice set
With many-colored gems, yet holds the draught regret.

To-morrow brings a change—the eye is dull,
The voice sounds hollow, and the cheek hath
caught
A flush as of a fever—you might cull
A rose would match its crimson—hours have
wrought
Decay's dark work upon her, such as thought
Sickens to look upon; then comes a thrill
And tremor of the limbs, with meaning fraught—
A pallor of the cheek—a creeping chill—
A clutching of the hands—a shriek, short, sharp, and
shrill.

Stand by the couch, but utter not a word.
Listen to that low muttering; it seems
Like the faint whispering of spirits heard,
At midnight, by the waters. Hark! she dreams,
And tells us of her vision; of the streams
That wash her father's cottage by the hill;
Or is it frenzy?—for a wild light gleams
In her blue eyes, which love was wont to fill.
Oh! leave me now—I'd be alone—'tis very still!

EXTRACT.

So die the young, ere yet the bud has burst
Its leafy prison-house—perchance, 'tis best—
The flower may pine and perish with the thirst
For dew and moisture, but the dead will rest,
Heedless of storm and sunshine; on their breast
The modest violet at Spring will bloom,
And speak their noteless epitaph;—the west
May blow too rudely in an hour of gloom,
But still it clings to thee, lone tenant of the tomb.

It clings to thee! 'Twas a most lovely creed,
That taught within a flower might dwell the
soul
Of a lost friend. Wronged one, does it not breed
Within thee quiet thoughts of a green knoll,
Bedecked with daisies, though no sculptured scroll
Be there to tell thy virtues? Oh! 'tis sweet
To know that when the dews from heaven have
stole

Down to the earth, those pencilled lips shall meet,
The cold sod of thy grave, and love's long kiss repeat!

Then gird thy loins with patience, from the crowd
Be thou a willing exile; but if Fate
Hath otherwise decreed it, if the proud
Should sneer upon thee, or the rich and great
Laugh at thy misery, do thou await
The coming of that hour which shall decide
The issue of the game; and then, with state,
Wrapping thy robe around thee, do thou glide
Away to thy long rest and sleep in regal pride.

THE LAST OF THE SACHEMS.

“HARK! heard ye not a footstep tread
On the fallen leaves of the oak that spread
The stony ground of the woodland dell?
Heard ye not such? I pray you tell.”
“’Twas naught but the rabbit, whose tiny feet
The leaves of the forest have gently beat.”

“Hist! didst not hear a dismal yell,
Such as old beldames and legends tell
Is the Indians’ war-cry and funeral song?
List how the hills the strains prolong.”
“ ’Tis the panther’s yell, or the wild wolf’s howl,
Or the scream of the dusky midnight owl.”

“Look! saw ye not a dagger gleam,
Like a sunlight ray, or a moonlight beam,
In the dim shade of the wildwood east?
Saw ye it not? ’Tis gone! and past!”

“Twas naught but the lightning, whose storm-nursed
blaze
Ye can scarce perceive through yon tangled maze.”

“ ’Twas not the rabbit whose tramp I heard ;
’Twas not the scream of the midnight bird,
Or the wild wolf’s howl, or the panther’s yell,
Or the blaze of the lightning, as ye would tell.
For yonder’s the last Mohican chief ;
The race of his fathers was bright yet brief ;
And he alone of the tribe is left !
Homeless and friendless ! of all bereft !
His was the tramp, and his the yell,
And the gleam of the dagger, I know full well.
He has fallen ! fallen ! and deep in his breast
The glittering blade has found a rest !
The death-dew is starting on his brow !
And where is the last of the Sachems now ?”

July 16, 1842.

CLOUDS AT SUNSET.

Clouds, beautiful clouds,
Of azure and purple and snow-white hue,
That skirt the sky at the fall of eve,
When the sunset is glimmering, too.

Clouds, beautiful clouds,
Like armies ye tread the heavenly plain;
Now charging, now flying from the foe,
And then back to the combat again.

Clouds, beautiful clouds,
I love ye because of the thoughts ye wake:
Dreams of the past; for the future, hope;
I adore ye alone for their sake.

Clouds, beautiful clouds,
That sped on the wings of the wind, still roam
O'er distant climes—a changeable scene—
Tell me, oh! tell me, where is your home?

Clouds, beautiful clouds,
Sweet rovers o'er infinitude of space,
Ye rest not in your wild wanderings ;
Ye have no certain abiding-place.

Clouds, beautiful clouds ;
Haste on—haste ye on—in your truant way,
With your airy forms in their gambollings ;
Ye are too lovely to need my lay.

June 13, 1842.

T H E W R E C K.

NIGHT on the sea—the ocean's beauteous breast,
Lashed by the tempest wind to sparkling foam,
Leaves not the mariner a hope of rest,
Shuts from his eye the distant sight of home;
Compelled along the stormy deep to roam,
Around—beneath—a waste of waters spread!
Tumult, and an impenetrable gloom,
With thunder-clouds that lower o'er his head,
Revealed by the wild lightning's blaze, deep—quick—
and red.

Billow on billow dashed—immensely high—
And storm-fiends revelling in the midnight air—
High o'er the waves the vessels bounding fly—
Curses from those who even hell would dare—
From the affrighted shrieks perchance a prayer—
While the frail bark is driven headlong on,
And now, down! down! with all her freight of care;
And they who laughed the whirlwind into scorn,
Have found a weedy grave, and thither they have gone.

Well, let them rest—'twere just that they should lie,
Stricken by thunderbolts they could not fear;
Upon their tomb no sunbeams from the sky
Resplendent glitter, and no mother's tear
Shall e'er bedew them while they slumber here;
'Till by an earthquake's shock the ocean rent,
Shall hear their curses from its watery bier;
It cannot—for the coral worm has spent
Ages in building for the dead a monument!

1842.

TANTALLON CASTLE.

YE moss-grown towers and turrets gray,
Within whose ruined walls
The moping owl the livelong day
Screams in the silent halls ;
As though to wake the lordly line
Of Douglas from their rest ;
All mail-clad men with arms that shine ;
Of Scottish knights the best—
Can ye not tell of days long gone ?
Of many a wond’rousfeat ?
When chiefs in tourney onward borne
Did one another meet ?
The clashing swords—the broken lance—
The warrior disarmed—
The angry word—the fiery glance—
The “ladye-loves” alarmed ?
Yes, and of sieges long sustained
Against the princely James ;
Of fellowship with kings who reigned ;
A list of honored names.

Then tread not rudely, stranger, tread
 Lightly, within these walls;
For 'round each hallowed spot is shed
Remembrance of the noble dead,
Who fought the fight, then made their bed
 In their ancestral halls.

May 25, 1842.

M O O N L I G H T.

How lovely is this moonlight! how the dew,
Bright nature's tear-drops, sparkles with its beams!
While the pure bosom of the wood-girt streams
Back to the moon gives its effulgencē too.
And murmuring rivulets, stealing gently through
Their rock-cut channels, sing the siren song,
That, like a sprite, wanders the hills along;
Lulling the scythe-armed peasant's weary soul,
Filling his spirit with a holy calm;
While the wind-driven ripples refluent roll,
Waving the lily, waking from his rest
The bright-eyed lizard, the broad leaves embalm.

And more—The mild and mellow moonlight best
Lights the unintended path of youthful love;
As arm in arm through flowery meads they rove,
Or on the fallen trunk of some old oak
Breathe such soft tales as Sappho sung and spoke :
Fearful lest there should be some list'ner near,
Their troth is plighted in each other's ear;

Which ever and anon they chance to miss,
And then, love's language is a honeyed kiss.

Yet more—The moon's pale, silver-tinted light
Gleams upon other scenes more stern than these;
It oft hath viewed a melancholy sight,
And heard upon the still and gentle breeze
The dying warrior's groan—the victor's shout,
That hailed the battle won—the dreadful rout,
Carnage, and pillage reign triumphant then—
Success makes fiends of what before were men!
On the dead chieftain's ghastly brow it shone,
Upon his form, cold as the marble stone;
While round his lip there lurked a sickly smile,
Which told that Vengeance struggled for a while
With Death, and longed a moment to be free,
To wreak upon his foe its enmity.

Yes, I do love you, moonlight. You have not
The dazzling radiance of the noonday sun,
Nor yet the timid beauty of the stars;
You shed alike on tower and moss-roofed cot,
Where blushing innocence is wooed and won,
Your wild, bewitching beauty—lovelier far
Than either noonday sun or midnight star.

July 13, 1842.

THE UNKNOWN BEAUTY.

I saw her but the once; the beautiful,
The loved, and all of gayety and life
Were there, and gathered round her,
With the rosy blush of youthful beauty
Stamped upon their cheeks; yet she of all
Was the most beautiful, and like the moon
Amid the glowing crowd of still, pale stars,
Was lovelier than them all. It might not be,
But still it seemed the scene had lent her more
Than earthly beauty, for the organ rolled
Wave upon wave of rapturous music,
Like the Æolian harp—so low, so sweet,
It would have matched the melody of heaven;
And then, as though a whirlwind swept the strings,
There rushed upon the ear the trumpet tones;
Fit contrast to the scene, for now men paid
Their homage at the bier of royalty,
And warring France had lost a noble son.
The pall was there—the crown—the sword—and all

Was shrouded in deep gloom ; tapers dim lit,
That cast a sickly shade on every face,
Were burning 'round the bier, and from the ceil,
High, arched, and Gothic, hung the flag of France,
Still as that vast wide multitude, while priests
Walked to and fro with light and cautious step,
Or swung the urn with burning incense filled,
Or chanted for the dead. . . .

I saw her there—alone amid that crowd
Of eager gazers, and she seemed too pure,
Too frail, to mingle in the throng of men
Whose only thought is self, whose God is Gold.

I saw her but the once, yet in her eye
There dwelt such depths of rapturous mystery
As chained my spirit down to Beauty's ear,
And hailed me as its pris'ner. I adored,
And with a Pilgrim's ardor, at the shrine
Of Love knelt down to worship ; for to me,
So lovely was the gaze of her blue eyes,
It might have won the eagle from his prey
And made of him a dove. . . .

I saw her but the once, and yet the grace
And beauty of her form were so divine,
That not 'till death has chained me in the tomb

Shall I forget it, or forget to love
Her with the azure eyes and raven hair—
The form of matchless symmetry—the voice
Soft, sweet, and musical, like silver lute
That floated 'round me—she who stood alone
Amid that silent throng, an “Unknown Beauty.”

August 25, 1842.

R U I N S.

EMBLEMS of fallen greatness, grandeur, power,
What lessons ye can teach us! Oh! I love
To sit at midnight's lone and silent hour
And watch the small, pale stars that gleam above,
Or listen to the song of amorous dove,
That all night long among your arches gray
Sighs mournfully, as though it were to move
Your old possessors who have passed away,
And, 'neath the marble floor, now rest in grim array.

Ye have survived them yet, and they were naught
But what ye are, the senseless clods of earth,
That other hands have in strange figures wrought,
And made of much and far surpassing worth;
They too, like you, like everything, had birth,
And passed through infancy, and youth, and age.
They had their tears, their laughter, and their mirth;
At times the wit, again the reverend sage,
Ready to treat for peace, or bloody wars to wage.

But they have gone; and now the sculptured urn
Holds all that yet remains—their ashes! all!
Upon their hearths the fires no longer burn—
The flames expired upon their master's pall;
The baying of the hounds—the bugle-call—
The evening revelry—have ceased and gone,
And all betokens a sad, dismal fall;
Columns and figures from their places torn,
With ruin stalking round, wild, ruthless, and forlorn.

August 24, 1842.

THE RAID.

THERE was no sound upon the dreamy air
To break the tomb-like stillness of that eve;
There was no moon in heaven, no stars were there
With their pale light the darkness to relieve;
The sky was black, and earth, too, seemed to wear
Weeds for a funeral, like men who grieve
For friends departed; and the sluggish mere
Dashed up its inky waters thick and drear.

A moment more—"Now listen! did I hear
The bleating of the herds upon the hill?"
Thus spake a mother as, with anxious ear,
She kissed her babe and bade her boy be still;
For it was dark, and greatly did she fear
The coming storm might work her husband ill,
Who had been out all day among the rocks
With crook and shepherd's pipe to watch his flocks.

One long, loud roll! "At last the storm is come."
The cottage door flew open, and fierce men

Rushed in amid the clang of trump and drum.

'Twas not the thunder-peal that echoed then,
But the black cannon ; with it came the hum
 Of boisterous voices far down the glen,
And quick the red bombs hissing flew, and burst,
And licked the very dust as though athirst.

Through the deep darkness that o'erspread the earth

The gleaming sword and flashing torch were seen,
And the wild blaze went up from cot where mirth
 And song and jovial dance had lately been.

Ah ! many a quiet home and smiling hearth
 Were desolate on that dread night, I ween,
And many a mother wandered with her child,
Barefoot, across the rocks and thorny wild.

On every side the furious flames arose—

The walls grew hot, quivered and shook, and fell ;
While the fierce cries of the contending foes
 Were mingled with the buried wretch's yell ;
And men rushed by, begrimed with smoke, to close
 Their bloodshot eyes, yet with no passing bell
To sound their exit ; but instead the clash
Of breaking swords—the curse—the shout—the crash !

The morrow dawned upon that battle plain
On smould'ring ruins, blackened forms, and spears
Half buried in the ground. The iron rain
Had made sad havoc, and the soldiers' jeers,
As with their booted feet they spurned the slain,
Seemed like the laugh of devils unto ears
Unused to such rude sounds; but men will learn
Aught by companionship—they had their turn.

April 13, 1843.

SUNSET AMONG THE ALPS.

HUNTER, that all day long hath chased the deer
And the wild chamois by the mountain's crest,
When tired and faint dost ever linger here
To view the sunset fading in the west?
See, the proud eagle seeks his lofty nest,
But half-way up suspends the giddy flight,
And, poising on his wing in airy rest,
Strains his plumed neck to view the glorious sight,
Then with a scream of wonder and delight
Resumes the way to where his eyry hung
Among the pine-trees on the beetling height,
Is by the zephyr fanned and by the tempest swung.

See what a gorgeous stream of burning gold
Bathes yonder valley and the babbling brook
That dances o'er its rocky bed! Behold!
How every cloud grows redder as you look,
And each wild flower in its secret nook

Bends its fair head, as though it were to ask
The monarch's benison ere he forsook
The throne of day and bade Earth wear the mask
Of starless Night or in the moonlight bask,
While the rude peasant boy, devoid of care,
Whistling as he comes plodding from his task,
Kneels with the fading day and breathes his even-
ing prayer.

O Hunter, here within this rugged glen,
Where through the long rank grass the soft winds
play
A dirge-like music—where the feet of men
Have seldom trodden since that fated day
When the high Alps re-echoed to the bray
Of warlike trump and tramp of harnessed steed
As he, the World's Enslaver! went his way
To win himself a name—perchance to bleed!
Ambition, speak—is this thy paltry meed?
Is it for this men fret their life away?
Hunter, I tell thee thou art blest indeed,
Here 'mid thy native crags and sunset glens to
stray.

May 25, 1843.

G R E E K W A R S O N G.

BROTHERS, arise ! to arms ! the trump is sounding.

Shake off the dewdrops from your scented locks ;
With patriot zeal be every bosom bounding ;
Stand firm as your own rocks.

Seize the red sabre by your fathers wielded.

Strike, that the hireling's blood may stain the
blade ;
Strike, for to-day your altars must be shielded ;
Strike for each dark-eyed maid.

Fling out your banner to the dallying breeze ;

Shout your wild war-cry through each rugged glen ;
Leap from your rosy couch of slavish ease,
And show them ye are men !

They deem the spirit of our Spartan sires
Hath fled forever from its native land,
And that the embers of our faded fires
May light no battle-brand.

But up ! forsake your rest—your brethren call you ;
The tyrant's hordes are thronging ev'ry hill.
A glorious death is all that can befall you ;
Then die with those who will !

Better to die upon the field of honor,
With brave men struggling for their country's
fame,
Than on your crimson couch—a slave's dishonor,
Unworthy e'en the name !

Arise ! and on with us ! the trump is pealing.
Haste ! we are sworn ere night our land to save,
Or else, with blood our strong devotion sealing,
To fill a soldier's grave.

May 20, 1843.

THE WARRIOR OF THE DESERT.

FLEET is my barb as the wild simoon,
And bright my lance as the beam of day ;
We lie 'neath the palm through the sultry noon,
And at even-tide we are far away ;
Away o'er the desert—away o'er the hill—
To the tents they have pitched by the shady rill.

Well knows my charger his rider's leap,
And snuffs the air with a regal pride,
While his mane o'er my breast the hot winds sweep,
And loud rings his neigh o'er the desert wide ;
And he scatters the sand with his feet unshod,
That the foe may not know where my courser trod.

Tell not to me of your couch of down,
Boast not of wealth upon the billow,
Nor of your old halls in bower or town,
My steed is my home, my wealth, my pillow.
In the saddle by day, on his neck at night,
With my lance I'll defend him, or wrong or right.

June 13, 1843.

THE BOY AND THE BUTTERFLY.

I saw a fair-haired boy, one summer morn,
Chasing a butterfly with eager feet,
Among the roses, by the hedge of thorn,
Nor cared he for the dangers he would meet.
Over the brook he went, upon the worn
And mossy stones o'er which the waters beat;
And he looked back when the rude ford was passed,
And held his sides and laughed, then bounded off as
fast.

Up the rough hill he tripped, his flaxen hair
Dancing around his neck; at length, he fell—
The butterfly went floating high in air,
Then hid itself within a cowslip's bell.
The boy observed its soft retreat from where
He lay extended—scarcely could he quell

The tear that rose and glistened in his eye;
At last, he laughed aloud—but yet 'twas half a cry.

Away he ran the insect to o'ertake,
And found it hidden in its leafy lair;
Another fall he had, which well might make
A stouter heart than his yield in despair.
Still he would not the flying thing forsake,
But for a warmer chase 'gan to prepare,
And o'er the hills and vales went following after,
With panting breath, and shout, and merry ringing
laughter.

It stopped again, to take a sip of dew,
And quite concealed itself within a rose;
The urchin saw his chance and forward flew,
And soon his hands both flower and moth enclose.
Pleased with his skill, then forth his prey he drew,
But where were all its many-colored bows?
The pleasure did not equal half the cost,
And all his pain was vain, and all his labor lost.

So we, in life, chase many a fleeting thing,
Whose charms are fled the moment it is won;
Dash off the stains from the moth's gaudy wing,
And 'tis a flying worm you look upon!

Beauty is but the bright imagining
Of the rich fancy of some gifted son;
To him the night is light—and all is fair—
The daisy decks the tomb, and hence must joy be
there!

May 19, 1843.

THE LADY OF THE VEIL.

Oh, her eye is like a southern star!
And her cheek, as though a southern wind
Had brought of rose tints from afar
The richest it could find—
And kissed her cheeks, and bade them glow,
Types of her loveliness, I trow.

The raven of an Alpine cloud
Is in her long and flowing hair—
The whiteness of an Alpine shroud
On the fair brow that glimmers there.
'Twould set your soul on fire to see
The dream-like beauty of her form;
And cold as death the heart must be
Such peerless grace would fail to warm.

But he whose heart is framed for love,
Would gaze on her and think of lands

Whose milder starlight gleams above—
The sea-washed isles where Venice stands ;
And of soft hands linked in the dance,
And burning vows from lips that broke—
For love was in her blue eye's glance,
And breathed in every word she spoke.

Oh, she is too fair for this cold clime !
The gentle South should have seen her birth,
Where Pleasure doth chase old laggard Time
Away with song and mirth—
The fairy of an Eastern tale
Is the bright Lady of the Veil.

May 14, 1843.

HOURS OF MELANCHOLY.

OH, there are hours when Melancholy twines
Her strong arms round the heart, like pois'nous vines
 That cling the oak!—the while, her cold lips prest
Upon the burning cheek and fevered brow,
 Her icy hand is laid upon the breast,
And chills the blood with which its chaunels flow;
And there are times when the full tide of woe
 Comes sweeping o'er the senses, till we crave
Death as a boon and hail eternity!
 For not to be is not to be a slave,
And not to be a slave is to be free!
 Better to lie with charnel worms entombed
Than be the mark for envy's fatal aim!
 Better to revel with the doubly-doomed
Than live for foes to taunt and load with shame!
 O Solitude and Melancholy, ye
Are precious gifts, for from you we may learn
 To dare the tempest of adversity,
Nor heed the fires of hate that round us burn;

But pressing forward through the gath'ring gloom
Of this, Earth's wilderness, with patience wait
The hour that bids us step into the tomb
And meet our fate.

May 29, 1843.

THE LOST LADIE.

A LADIE of the north countrie
Rode o'er the moor on palfrey white;
She was a lovely dame to see,
With plume and pearl bedight.

Beside her rode a Baron bold,
Behind her came a yeoman tall;
Of the bold knight strange tales are told
I would not here recall—

Strange tales of sights that men have seen,
Of fearful sounds that men have heard;
'Twas but a heated brain, I ween,
And scream of midnight bird.

For sure so stout a knight as he
Could with a lance defend his fame,
And from the breath of calumny
Protect his ancient name.

Doth he not boast an iron arm?
And hath he not a sturdy glave?
Marry, the wight would meet with harm
Who should the Baron brave.

But still beside the blazing turf,
And in the hostel o'er the ale,
Those tales were told by clown and serf
With quivering lip and pale.

Anon the boor would stop and stare
Across his shoulder at the door,
Lest the dread Baron should be there
With all the wizard Four.

For one his castle passed at night,
And said that on the turrets gray
Four sisters danced i' the moonlight
Round where Sir Hugo lay.

And that the Baron rose and drew
His falchion famed in many a raid,
And three times in the air it threw,
And three times kissed the blade.

And this 'twas whispered was the spell—
That three times he should kiss the steel,
When all in Eildon's caves that dwell
Would clatter at his heel.

It was a fearful gift, I trow,
An' they who told it have not lied.
I wot the ladie did not know
A fiend was by her side!

They reached a chapel as they rode ;
“ Seek shelter here, Sir Hugh, I pray,”
The ladie said, but on he yode,
“ Why ride so fast, Earl Ray ? ”

The Baron knit his eyebrows black
And told the dame it was his will ;
St. Dunstan shield her ! Good alack !
I fear he'll do her ill.

The ladie trembled so she dropped
Her crucifix and clung the mane ;
Her hand it shook, the palfrey stopped :
He thought she pulled the rein.

Sir Hugo swore an oath, then drew
His sword and 'gan the steed to beat;
The jennet plunged and wellnigh threw
The ladie from her seat.

But she from infancy had learned
To check the curvet at her need,
And now the yeoman's aid she spurned,
Who sought to still her steed.

Eftsoons she soothed the palfrey's fright,
Then drew her wimple o'er her face,
That she might hide from that dark knight
Whate'er her thoughts should trace.

She kissed the cross the faithful boor
Had gently placed within her hand,
And they have passed the Bowden Moor
And stand on fairy land.

Swift up the Eildon hills they mount,
And now they've reached the Luckenhare;
The Baron bade the dame dismount
And leave her palfrey there.

“ Why, good Sir Hugh,” the ladie cried,
“ Certes, my lord, we’ve gone astray ;
The castle lies the other side,
Northward three leagues away.”

“ Get down ! Get down !” the Baron screamed,
Then swore the road right well he wist.
Saw she aright or has she dreamed ?
Three times the sword he kissed !

Out from a cavern in the hill
A graybeard came in quaint attire ;
Shrunken he was—his voice was shrill,
His dark eyes gleamed with fire.

He knelt before the scowling knight ;
He seized the wizard Baron’s rein ;
He helped him from his steed alight,
And welcomed him amain.

“ Welcome ! thrice welcome, noble lord !
For few there be of woman born
Who have, like you, unsheathed the sword
Before they blew the horn.”*

* *Vide* The Shepherd’s Tale—Scott.

The Baron gave a fiendish leer ;
His frown was terrible to view ;
The ladie grasped the croup in fear—
The yeoman trembled too.

Then loud he blew a single note—
Such notes are blown in fairy land ;
A dwarf leapt out fast as he mote
And waited his command.

“Take yonder churl—the horses three—
And lead them far across the wold ;
I wis he would not able be
To find us were he told.”

They’ve gone—so has that ladie fair ;
The graybeard warlock and Sir Hugh
Entered the cavern bleak and bare,
Concealed from curious view.

Never again that dame was seen,
And never came the Baron back ;
The yeoman guessed the truth, I ween,
But could not find the track.

July 25, 1843.

TO CHARLES WEST THOMSON,

ACCOMPANYING SEVERAL CLUSTERS OF GRAPES.

SAY! which is the fairest for maiden's eye,
The black of the raven or blue of the sky?
And which is most meet for my lady-love's hair,
The hue that the Saxons or Georgians wear?

Are the girls of the East, or the maids of the West,
In beauty the brightest, in virtue the best?
Are the knights of the South, who to battle ride
forth,
More valiant in fight than the knights of the North?

But tell me again, is the vintage of France,
That land of the goblet, the song, and the dance,
Half as sweet to your lip as the red wine of Spain,
That caught from the sunset its loveliest stain?

Yet think you by Ebro, or Tagus, or Rhine,
There lie in the basket, or hang on the vine,
Such clusters as these, if not too closely scanned?
The purple round grapes of your own native land.

September, 1843.

L' A R I E L L E.

L'ARIELLE, l'arielle lightly
Bounding along so sprightly,
 Like sylph of air,
 Now here, now there,
And us poor devils nightly
 Crazing,
 Amazing,
 Tell us where
 We can prepare
A couch befitting one so fair.

Not where the moonlight reposes,
And on a bed of roses ;
 The wanton plays
 By *her* fond rays
Thy couch too much discloses,
 Exciting,
 Inviting
 Stars to gaze
 And whisper praise.

Nor yet in the depths of ocean;
The sea-weeds' gentle motion
 Too rough would be
 For one like thee,
Without some slumb'rous potion
 To steep
 In sleep
 Thy airy
 Sense. My fairy,
Rest thou, then, in my memory.

May, 1844.

A FRAGMENT.

Now gather one and gather all
A festive throng in a Baron's hall;
The wassail candle is burning bright,
Be merry o'er your wine to-night.
Such goodly cheer was ne'er beheld
Save in the glorious days of old.
The wind without is blowing cold,
The fire within is blazing bold,
And pictured dames and warriors tall
Are smiling on you from the wall,
As though they willingly would be
Partakers in the revelry.
But well, I ween, they had their day,
And sang their song and played their play,
Or linked their fingers in the dance;
Now have they started from their trance,
And seem to wish they could with you
Again the song and mirth renew.
Fill up the cup, the guests are come;
Let joy be merry—sorrow dumb.

May 10, 1843.

Pass round the jest, be merry all,
To-night the wine-cup, next the pall.
We cannot live forever, then
Quaff off the wine and fill again.
Fast flowed the Rhenish and the mead,
Rhenish enough to crimson Tweed,
And quick the jest went round in glee,
And sped the hours right merrily.
The wind without blew colder still
And roared and whistled round the hill,
The fire within threw brighter gleams
Upon the guests and vintage streams,
When at the gate a knock was heard. . .
Hushed was the song, the jest deferred,
The goblet raised toward the lip
Not even honored with a sip,
But placed again upon the board,
The hand that held it grasped the sword.
For those were dangerous times, I trow,
When one knew neither friend nor foe.
He who partook your lordly fare
Might fire your castle, slay your heir,
Proffer one hand in friendly clasp,
A dagger with the other grasp.

September 15, morning.

Quick glances flew from eye to eye—
Perchance the Highland clans were nigh,
With dancing plumes and kirtled plaids,
And ringing slogan, bloody blades,
Or Border chiefs in bold foray
Had led their followers that way,
To plunder from the English fields
Whate'er the down of cattle yields,
Then drive their booty off with speed,
Nor spare the spur, nor spare the steed,
That they may be at dawn of day
Over the border, far away.
Small need was there for fear or fight,
Nor chief nor clansman met their sight,
For when was raised the portal stout,
A wandering harper stood without,
And begged for friendship's sake that he
Might share their hospitality.
“For I am faint and cold,” he said,
“And know not where to lay my head.”

September 16, morning.

In those old times it needed not
A doleful tale to move the heart.

Neither from castle nor from cot
Was the poor wanderer bid depart,
But welcomed in, as though by birth
Peer to the noblest of the earth.

Few moments did the minstrel wait
For answer at the castle gate,
When came the vassal back with word
His master's pleasure he had heard,
Who bade him in the minstrel bring,
And give him hearty welcoming.

The harper entered, and the gate
Behind him fell with ponderous weight;
Then followed fast his menial guide,
Who led the way with hasty stride
Toward the hall, from which, when nigh,
They heard the laughter loud and high.

September 17, afternoon.

List, gentles all, to the song I sing,
A song of the olden time;
It hath pleased knight and pleased king,
Though rude the measure and rude the rhyme.
'Tis of a lady of high degree
And a valiant knight of the north countrie.

Long hath my harp neglected lain,
And much I marvel if my skill
Will e'en suffice to wake again
The echo of my former strain,
That rang o'er glen and hall ;
For, gentles, I have sorrow seen.
I had a little laughing boy,
Whose hair was auburn, blue his e'en ;
Graceful he was and coy.

September 13, morning.

Oft when I neared my quiet home,
That blessed child would smiling come
And grasp my hand, while his bright eye
Grew brighter still in estasy,
Then o'er my harp his fingers run.
Oh ! I was proud to call him son !
And hoped that he one day would be
A follower of minstrelsy,
And tune for lords and ladies gay
His father's harp and sing his lay.
But one fair morn I raised his head,
And found my darling boy was dead !
Ah ! need I tell a father's grief,
How in my harp I sought relief,

Then flung it carelessly away.
I could not sing! I could not play!
And thus for three long years it lay,
Till yestermorn I sang once more
The song that I had loved before;
But ever and anew my grief
In broken sobs would find relief,
Which, mingling with my lofty strain,
Seemed half of pleasure, half of pain.
But why should I oppress your ear
With tales you may not love to hear?
Within my bosom I will try
To hide the woe and check the sigh,
Then, lords, list awhile
A tedious hour to beguile.

September 14, morning.

LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM

TO A PICTURE OF "THE HARLEQUIN."

THE world's a stage, the poets say,
And all are players, or have been;
A blithesome part has he to play,
The merry-making harlequin.

Some sigh and weep, some laugh and sing,
But all must leave the scene at last,
For death will crack the fiddle-string
And stop the noisy trumpet's blast.

Since we must meet one common fate,
Let us, ere Time's dark curtain fall,
Give Care the slip—with heart elate
Dance on through life. A hall! A hall!

August, 1844.

THE ALPINE TRAVELLER.

'TIS a dreary night, stranger,
Swift the snow-flake fleeteth by;
Numb with cold the mountain ranger
Seeks his home, secure from danger,
Guided by the taper light
Gleaming through the misty night,
Like a streak upon the sky,
From his cottage perched on high.

Wanderer, whither art thou tending?
List the sounds in yonder glen,
Like the shrieks of buried men,
Breathing still within the tomb,
Smothered with the clay and gloom.
There the insane winds descending,
Half the night in revels spending,
Scream out in their glee,
Mad as madmen e'er could be.

Draw thy mantle close about thee,
For, perchance, the fiends will flout thee,
 Lay their cold hands on thy cheek.
Press thou forward—do not speak,
For amid these Alpine peaks
Death waits for him who speaks.

Winter fled, and in his stead
 Came the hot-browed sun of Summer ;
To the plain, like running rain,
 Sped the snow before the comer.
In the narrow glen they found him
With his mantle wrapt around him,
That poor wand'ring, foolish stranger,
Stout of heart and daring danger.

December 28, 1844.

SONG.

I CANNOT join the festive throng,
My soul is far too sad to-night;
I could not bear to hear the song
 Breaking from lips with beauty bright.
Soft eyes may glance their looks of love,
 Gay hearts may beat on many a breast,
Light feet may to the music move,
 But I am weary—let me rest.

Not worn with tire or vigil kept
 Beside the couch or coffined clay,
Nor weary that I have not slept,
 Though three long nights are passed away
Since on my eyelids, like the spell
 Of Love's young finger gently prest,
The poppy leaves of slumber fell,
 Yet, weary—weary—let me rest.

There is a burden on my heart,
There is a throbbing at my brow,
There is a pain will ne'er depart,
The memory of a broken vow
Nor song, nor dance, nor mirth can cheer.
Rest, rest is all the boon I crave—
A narrow bed, a narrow bier,
The last, long slumber of the grave.

September 20, 1844.

A R E V E R Y.

ON a sultry afternoon
In the sultry month of June,
Feeling somewhat out of tune
 And ajar,
Seated by the window-pane,
Wond'ring if the pleasant rain
Would ever come again,
 My cigar
Burnt steadily and slow,
By degrees got very low,
And at length began to show
 Signs of dying,
When my chin upon my breast
Settled gradually to rest,
And a nightmare on my chest
 Was lying.

Horrid visions through my mind
Hurried like a frightened hind,

Or the chill December wind
O'er the snows,
While behind them in a group,
With a clatter and a swoop,
Like Banquo's ghostly troop,
Others rose.

Beasts with heads
Like feather-beds,
Beasts without.
Houses small,
Houses tall,
None about.
Here a bee
Out at sea
In a basket ;
There a flea
Under key
In a casket.
Here a snake
Wide awake
At a meeting ;
There a priest
At a feast
Drinking, eating.

Churches burning,
Windmills turning,
Children learning
 Naught at school.
Each thing seeming,
To my teeming,
Mental dreaming,
 Out of rule.
Shapes fantastic,
Figures plastic,
Gum-elastic.

Men and boys
On their heads and on their heels,
Twisted up like strings of eels,
Screching like a thousand de'il's,
 Such a noise!
Women true,
No one blue,
Something new
 Beneath the sun.
A single day,
When folks that pray
Mean what they say,
 “Thy will be done.”

Politicians out of place
Deeming it a deep disgrace
To be wearing any face
But their own.

Men in office unconcerned
What candidate's returned,
Or whether they are spurned
From the throne.

Judges just,
Maiden's trust
Not deceived.
Traveller's tales,
Hamlet's whales,
Disbelieved.

Kings and cobblers strung together
Like onions on a tether,
Bleaching out in every weather,
Sun or rain.
In fine, all shapes of evil,
Machiavelli and the devil,
Keeping up a precious revel
In my brain.

Till a most unpleasant burning,
All my visions overturning,
 Made me jump.
And I found to my surprise,
Upon opening my eyes,
 But a stump.

December 6, 1848.

TO MARY.

THEY say young hearts on summer eves
Will sit beneath the quiet moon,
And, turning Memory's faded leaves,
Ponder some old forgotten tune,
Some lay of love that long ago
Had cheered their youth's congenial hour;
Yet, ah! not half the bliss they know
Of Thought with thee and me, Mary.

Then turning from the solemn Past,
They leave its dim and doubtful way,
And in the rosebeams round them cast
See visions of a coming day,
Gay peaks that in the early glow
Look like the fabled mount of flowers;
Yet, ah! not half the bliss they know
Of Hope with thee and me, Mary.

Or by some still and placid stream,
When the calm eyes of Heaven unclose,
And, wakened from his early dream,
Warbles the bulbul to the rose,
They wander silently and slow,
Their mutual griefs to each confiding ;
Yet, ah ! not half the bliss they know
Of Trust with thee and me, Mary.

Whatever bids the red lips speak ;
Whatever makes the heart-strings quiver,
Or sends the life-blood to the cheek
Like the quick current of a river ;
Whatever joys on earth abound,
Remembrance, Hope, or Trusting Faith,
Are all in richest measure found
In Love by thee and me, Mary.

June, 1848.

LINES TO A ROYAL MUMMY.

DEAD relic of the Past!
That from the chambers vast
Of ponderous pyramid or rock-hewn tomb,
With cerements round thee rolled,
And visage pinched and cold,
Came forth to upper light out of the nether gloom.

Why, with thy parchment face
And ugly grim grimace,
And leathern eyeballs in a constant stare,
Propped up against the wall
Like pear-tree in the fall,
Dost thou upon us cast thy gruesome glare?

Who broke thy long repose
And led thee by the nose,
Willing or not, into the glare of day?
Not his adventurous hand
Had ventured to withstand
Thy royal will when thou wert wrapt in living clay.

Belzoni and his crew,
With little else to do
Than ransack graves and rummage 'mid the dead,
Was his the daring soul
That feared not to unroll
The napkin that for years had bound thy withered
head ?

Thy greatness and thy race
Were written on thy face ;
The blood of Princes coursed along thy veins.
If thou canst see, behold !
The dynasties of old,
Empires and thrones, like baubles flung aside,
And men regenerate, free,
In proud equality,
Trampling the giant Wrong, that perished in its
pride !

Thou hadst thy day, my friend,
And still doth evil tend
Toward good, and good to better yet doth run.
Where settles first the night
Thence comes the earliest light ;
Shall not thy native East yet glow beneath the sun ?

Lo! in thy palm a grain
For centuries hath lain,
And thus do I commit it to the earth;
As it shall safely root
And forth its branches shoot,
So from dead kings and queens shall Liberty have
birth.

Belzoni take my thanks,
Thou with thy curious pranks
Exhumed dead lips to teach a living truth,
Which, if we rightly learn,
Ere long there shall return
To the world's crippled limbs the vigor of their
youth.

December 13, 1848.

LINES

WRITTEN IN A COPY OF THE "AMERICAN
GALLERY OF ART."

(PRESENTED TO A LADY.)

LADY, no tawdry gift to thee I bring
Of polished cameo or jewelled ring;
No pretty annual bound in green and gold,
With fourteen plates at ten and fourpence sold,
That, having run for years the market through,
Appear once more hot-pressed and pass for new;
Nor card-case, scent-box, reticule, or fan—
These dazzle children, but displease the man.
Upon these simple pages you will find
The passing foot-prints of the master-mind;
All lovely forms and images of art,
Which while they charm the eye refine the heart,
And teach a lesson not in vain to know—
How much of Beauty lingers yet below,

What numerous blessings crowd our earthly lot,
Though we, poor moles! dig on and heed them not,
While unto us a feeble glimpse is given
Of the transcendent light and loveliness of Heaven.

December 19, 1848.

THE LUCKLESS LOVER TO HIS LADIE.

DEAR girl, in what have I offended
That you thus coldly look upon me?
Name but the fault, it shall be mended,
And you shall have no cause to shun me.
Do I too plainly speak my mind?
Have I my love too warmly told?
Alas! I see, Love is *not* blind—
My *suit* is getting worn and old.

I *know* my coat is somewhat thin:
I feel it of a wintry day;
For though it buttons to the chin,
It does not keep the cold away:
My blood will freeze, my flesh will creep,
While every separate molar rattles.
But then you could your promise keep,
And wed a man and not his chattels.

What if my stock is frayed and worn,
Most *stocks* are in a *ragged* way ;
I shall be only more forlorn
If you *discount* my hopes to-day.
My hands are guiltless of a glove,
I'd know it by your angry brow,
But I beseech you, dearest love !
Pray don't give me the *mitten* now !

My hat is gray, but not with years,
Nor grew it white in a single night ;
I purchased it with many fears,
And hoped that all would yet be right.
I *felt* its smooth and silken crown,
And asked the price—it haunts me still—
I never for a *nap* lie down
Without a nightmare of the bill.

My tailor threatens every day
To bring my credit to a *close* ;
My seamstress swears I never pay,
And *darns* my eyes and not my hose ;
My bootblack stands here at my side,
And shows his *polish* and his pride.

December 20, 1848.

“I LOVED THEE IN THY SPRING-
TIME’S BLUSHING HOUR.”

’Tis winter now, dear love; can you forget
 The vows we plighted in our earlier day,
When not a cloud obscured our Heaven as yet,
 And April flowers were thick about our way?
The birds were singing in the leafy hedge,
 The stream made music by the slanting hill,
And down amid the cool and splashy sedge
 The ripples came and went at their sweet will.
Blest time! when no rude sounds the silence broke,
But all things to our hearts in kindliest accents spoke.

How changed the scene since then! You best can say
 To whom that change hath such misfortune wrought.
The flowers are dead, the birds have flown away,
 The heavens are with impending fury fraught;
Across Life’s desolate heath the night wind sweeps,
 Sighing and wailing like a broken heart,

While memory o'er our shattered fortune weeps,
Mourning the joys we thought would ne'er depart,
And we, like children, closer cling together
When fiercest raves the storm or beats the wintry
weather.

March 14, 1849.

“FEAR NOT; IT IS I.”

WHEN in the tempest of that Eastern night
The fragile bark that bore the chosen few
Trembled in every plank, when they who slept
Awoke with cries of terror on their lips,
And such a sinking of the heart as comes
In the dark hour of final agony,
Behold! a luminous presence walked the deep,
And a calm voice above the roar of waves,
Distinct and audible as silver bells,
Said, “Fear not; it is I.”

So, when the waves of sorrow compass thee,
And trouble like a tempest bows thee down,
When overhead is darkness, and around
The “pitiless peltings” of adversity,
Faint not, but listen to the still, small voice
That ever, through the varied ills of life,
Speaking with cheering accents to the heart,
Says, “Fear not; it is I.”

August 23, 1849.

C H R I S T M A S H Y M N.

Adapted to Rossini's Chorus, "Night's Shades no Longer"
("Moses in Egypt").

HARK! the glad tidings, angels are singing—
 "Lo! in a manger, Jesus is born!"
Prophets and sages incense are bringing—
 Join the loud chorus, stars of the morn!
Shepherds of Judah, tenderly keeping
 Watch by the hill-side, echo the song!
Daughters of Zion, cease from your weeping—
 Hail the Redeemer! promised so long.

Robed not in purple, all unattended,
 Comes the Messiah, Israel's King—
Born of a Virgin, Christ is descended,
 Clothed with our nature, pardon to bring.
Break into shouting! sons of the stranger,
 Lift up your voices! valley and hill,
Greet your deliv'rer—kneel at the manger—
 Welcome the message, "Peace and Good Will."

Chorus to last verse.

Greet your deliv'rer—kneel at the manger—
Welcome the message—“Peace and Good Will,”
“Peace and Good Will”—“Peace and Good Will,”
Welcome the message—“Peace and Good Will,”
“Good Will”—“Good Will”—“Good Will.”

December 6, 1854.

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